

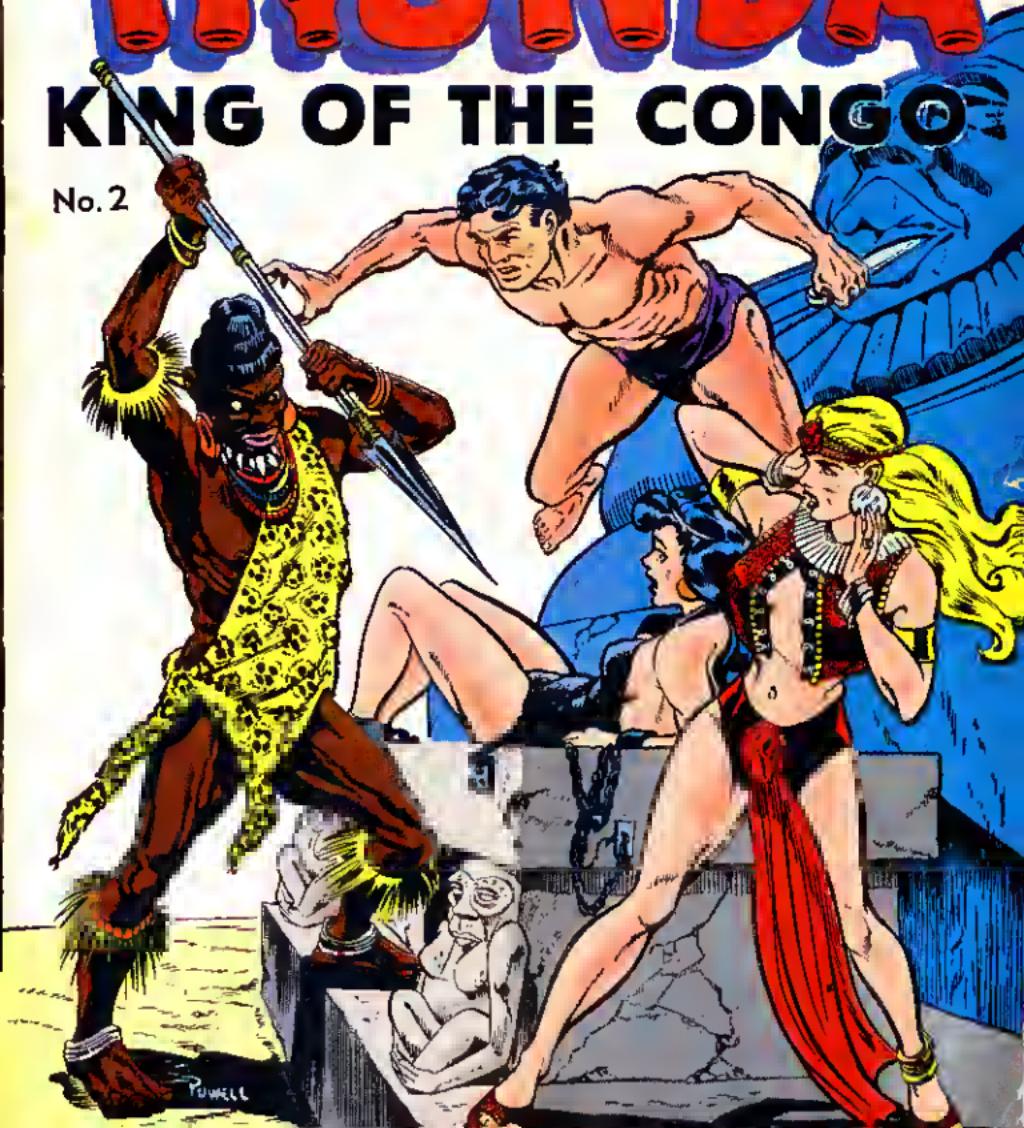
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THUNDA

KING OF THE CONGO

No. 2



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sion now easily yours. SIMPLY
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liable. WILSON CHEM. CO.

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MEN

Be
First

GIVEN

CASH

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MEN

ACT NOW



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OUR
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ACT NOW

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THUNDA!



OUT OF THE STORM-LASHED WAVES OF THE VAST ATLANTIC OCEAN SHE COMES, THIS GOLDEN WOMAN WHO IS TO BE THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE WAR-LIKE BWAKKA TRIBE OF THE CONGO JUNGLES! AND WHEN SHE IS BROUGHT TO THE ANCIENT CITY OF KOTANGU, LIVING SACRIFICE IS OFFERED BY THE WITCH DOCTOR, KUVIROO—!

PHA IS THAT SACRIFICE! PHA, THE LOVELY COMPANION OF THE KING OF THE CONGO-THUNDA! TO SAVE HER, THE JUNGLE KING BRAVE DEATH AT THE HANDS OF BWAKKA SPEARS! TO SNATCH HER FROM THE BLOOD-STAINED ALTAR, THUNDA DARES EVEN THE WRATH OF—

"The White Goddess of Kotangu!"

A SLEEK PLEASURE YACHT, CRIPPLED BY THE SLEDGEHAMMER BLOWS OF GIANT OCEAN WAVES SHATTERS ITSELF OFF THE COAST OF WEST AFRICA—



CLINGING TO THE WRECKAGE OF THE MAST, FROZEN BY THE COLD WATER, ALONE ON THE DYING SHIP, IS A GIRL—



FROM THE SHELTERING BRANCHES OF A CONGO FOREST GIANT, THUN'DA LEAPS OUTWARD, INTO THE SPRAY AND THE RAIN—



POWERFUL OVERHAND STROKES CARRY HIM BETWEEN THE RAZOR-EDGED ROCKS—



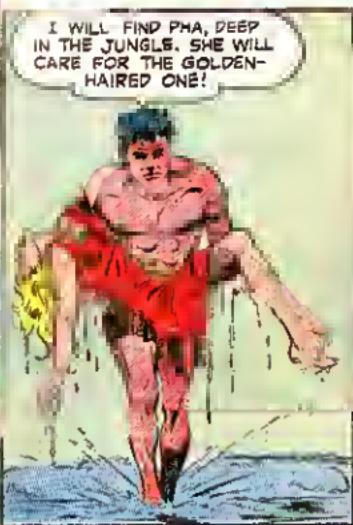
LET GO OF THE ROPE! FALL TOWARD ME! I WILL CATCH YOU!



HER NUMBED FINGERS CLINGING DESPERATELY, THE BLONDE CASTAWAY RIDES THE MIGHTY JUNGLE LORD TOWARD SHORE...



I WILL FIND PHA, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE. SHE WILL CARE FOR THE GOLDEN-HAIRED ONE!



BURIED IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO IS A GREAT CAVE. HERE LIVES THE KING OF THE CONGO WITH PHA AND WITH SABRE, THE SABRETOOTH TIGER THAT THUN'DA HAS TAMED, AND BROUGHT WITH HIM FROM THE LOST LANDS OF THE DAWN WORLD...



I TOOK HER OFF A FOUNDERING SHIP ON THE KABINDA COAST, PHA. I WILL SIGNAL THE NEWS BY JUNGLE DRUM. PERHAPS IN THAT WAY, WE CAN RETURN HER TO HER PEOPLE!



THE THUD OF PALMS AGAINST A HOLLOW LOG DRUM CARRIES WORD OF THE GOLDEN GIRL ACROSS THE TREE TOPS —

THUM - THUM - THUD-A
THUM - THUM -



OTHER DRUMMERS PICK UP THE NEWS, AND SEND IT ACROSS THE GRASSY LANDS OF SIMBA, THE LION...

THUD - THUM - THUM...

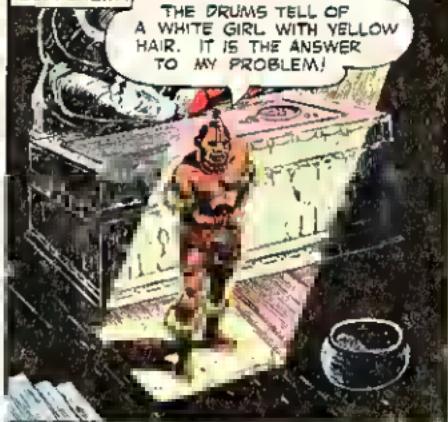


SOUTHWARD TOWARD CAPE TOWN GOES THE STEADY THUD-THUD OF THE JUNGLE TELEGRAPH...



IN THE GREAT RUINS OF THE ANCIENT STONE CITY OF KOTANGU, KUVIROO—WITCH-DOCTOR OF THE BWAKKA TRIBE—STRAIGHTENS SUDDENLY...

THE DRUMS TELL OF A WHITE GIRL WITH YELLOW HAIR. IT IS THE ANSWER TO MY PROBLEM!



THESE GOLDEN INGOTS AND ROPES OF DIAMONDS WERE MINED IN THE TIME OF LONG AGO FOR THE GREAT KING SOLOMON! LOST FROM THE EYES OF MEN SINCE THEN I — KUVIROO — FOUND THEM!



THIS GOLD WOULD BUY RIFLES AND BULLETS FOR MY PEOPLE! WITH THOSE GUNS, THE BWAKKA COULD CONQUER ALL THE JUNGLE! I WOULD BE A KING! BUT—MY PEOPLE FEAR THIS CITY! THEY THINK IT IS HAUNTED BY DEAD SPIRITS!



I SHALL TELL MY PEOPLE THIS WHITE WOMAN WAS SENT BY MWENYEZE MWGU, THE JUNGLE GOD, TO BE OUR GODDESS! SHE WILL TELL THEM TO ENTER KOTANGU FOR ITS GOLD! AND I WILL MAKE THEM OBEY HER!



IN THE BWAKKA VILLAGE, THE CEREMONIAL FIRES BLAZE FAR INTO THE NIGHT—

HAI! THE MWENYEZE MNGU SPEAKS! HE HAS SENT A GOLDEN GIRL TO BE OUR GODDESS! SENT HER IN THE STORM AT SEA!



AT DAWN, A FILE OF PICKED SPEARMEN MOVE INTO THE JUNGLES, SEEKING OUT THE GOLDEN WOMAN...



MEANWHILE, REFRESHED BY SLEEP AND A BREAKFAST OF GAZELLE STEAKS, THE SHIPWRECKED GIRL CHATS WITH PHA ...

I WAS ON MY WAY TO VISIT MY MOTHER AND FATHER IN CAPE TOWN, WHEN THE STORM DROVE US OFF OUR COURSE.

THUN'DA WILL TAKE YOU TO THEM WHEN HE RETURNS FROM HUNTING!



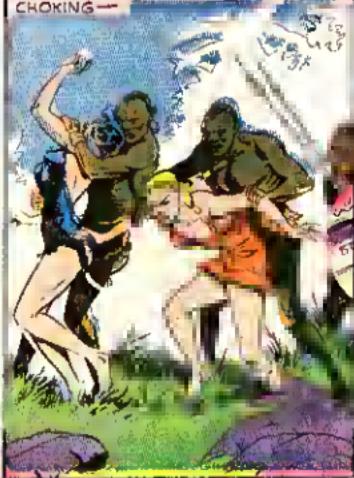
THUN'DA CAN DO ANYTHING! HE CAN GO ANYWHERE! HE IS THE GREATEST MAN IN ALL THE JUNGLE! HERE HE IS KING!



FROM THE THICK FOLIAGE, HARD EYES GLITTER—



STRONG HANDS REACH OUT! POWERFUL FINGERS CLOSE DOWN, CHOKING—



FOR ONE MOMENT PHA FREES HERSELF. SHE SCREAMS!



MILES AWAY, THE CONGO KING HUNTS T'SKA,
THE GREAT TUSKED HOG —



YOUR FANGED TUSKS MISSED
ME, T'SKA — BUT THE KNIFE OF
THUN'DA NEVER MISSES!



PHA SCREAMS! SHE
IS IN DEADLY DANGER!



AS SILENT AS A SHADOW, AS SWIFTLY AS FAA,
THE LIGHTNING, THUN'DA RACES THROUGH THE
JUNGLE —



ON THE SOFT LOAM OF THE JUNGLE FLOOR,
A GIGANTIC SABRETOOTH TIGER LIFTS ITS
HEAD, INTO ITS FERAL EYES COMES A
GLEAM, AND A SNARL RUMBLES IN ITS
THROAT...



THEN, IN ANSWER TO THUN'DA'S CALL, THE SABRE-
TOOTH LEAPS SWIFTLY ALONG THE WOODED TRAILS.
TOGETHER, MAN AND BEAST EMERGE FROM THE
GREEN JUNGLE...



NONE CAN STAND BEFORE THESE TWO!
EACH RIGHTS SILENTLY, WITH PRIMAL RAGE
TWISTING THEIR LIPS...

NO MERCY, BROTHER!
THEY HUNTED PHA!



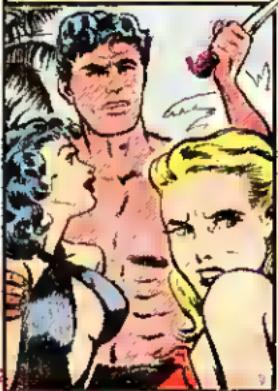
AAAAAGH!



IN A MOMENT, THE JUNGLE IS SILENT. DEATH HAS COME AND GONE. ONLY LOOROO, THE BUZZARD, REMAINS...



THUN'DA HAS PROTECTED
HIS WOMAN AND HER GUEST.
HE HAS VISITED THE LAW OF
FANG AND CLAW ON HIS
ENEMIES, FOR THIS IS THE
LAW OF THE JUNGLE...



IN THE BWAKKA VILLAGE,
ONE MAN SOBS HIS
STORY...

WE FELL TO THE
FATHER OF TIGERS AND
THE GREAT JUNGLE KING,
THUN'DA THE TERRIBLE!
LIKE TWO LIONS THEY
ARE, KUVIROO! NO MAN
MAY STAND BEFORE
THEIR MIGHT!



FOR LONG INTO THE NIGHT, KUVIROO
SITS AND BROODS. AT DAYBREAK...

IN THIS PIT WE SHALL TRAP THE
FATHER OF TIGERS! IN ANOTHER
PIT, WE SHALL CATCH THUN'DA!
THEN KUVIROO WILL BE KING
OF THE CONGO!



TWO DAYS LATER—

RRRROORRRR!



RUSHING TO SAVE HIS BIG-FANGED FRIEND, THUN'DA PLUNGES THROUGH THE FLOOR OF ANOTHER TRAP—



AND A SCORE OF BRAWNY BWAKKA WARRIORS DRAG TWO SCREAMING GIRLS THROUGH THE THICK JUNGLE



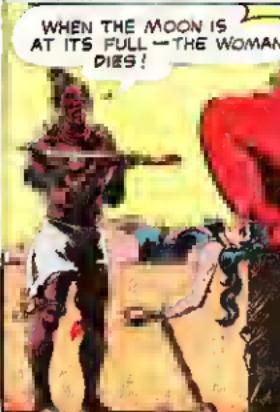
WITHIN THE DARK INTERIORS OF THE TRIBAL HUTS, WANDA HENDERSON IS DRUGGED AND GARBED IN CENTURIES-OLD GARMENTS BROUGHT BY KUVIROO FROM KOTANGU...



WITH THE WHITE GODDESS LEADING THE WAY, THE BWAKKA COMB AT LAST TO THE ANCIENT CITY...



HERE, ON THE ALTAR, STAINED WITH THE DRIED BLOOD OF FORMER VICTIMS, ARE THE GOLDEN MANACLES IN WHICH PHA IS CHAINED...



HERE, IN THE WET DUNGEONS FAR BELOW THE ALTAR OF AHOO, THUN'DA IS CAGED LIKE SOME FANGED BEAST...

THE METAL IN THESE BARS IS OLD — BUT WILL NOT BEND — NOT EVEN TO MY STRENGTH!



PROWLING THE LENGTH OF HIS CELL, HE STOOPS TO FIT HIS HANDS UNDER THE SMOOTH BARS OF THE WALL GRILLS...

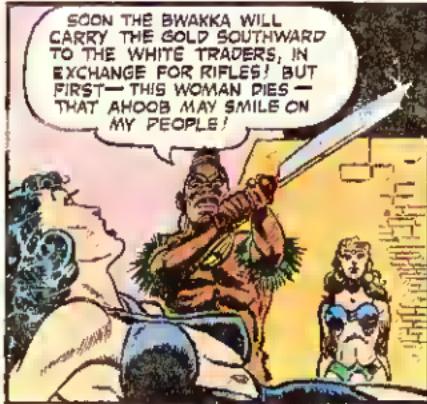
IT YIELDS! IT LIFTS! IT GIVES ME A WAY OUT, TO THE CORRIDOR BEYOND THIS WALL!

IN A NEARBY CELL, THE CONGO KING FINDS SABRE TRussed AND BOUND

QUIET,
BIG-FANGED FROTHER?
WE MUST NOT ALARM THE
BWAKKA—UNTIL WE ARE
READY TO STRIKE!

SLOWLY THE MOON RISES OVER THE ANCIENT RUINS OF KOTANGU...

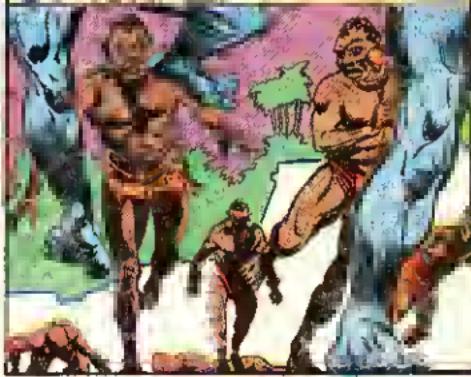
IT IS TIME FOR THE SACRIFICE! IN THAT WAY, WE SHALL PACIFY AHOOB, THE ANCIENT GOD OF KOTANGU, AND SHOW MY PEOPLE THEY NEED FEAR THE DEAD SPIRITS NO LONGER!



LIKE TWO BEASTS, THEY STRIKE AMONG THE TERRIFIED WARRIORS...



WITH SCREAMS OF STARK FEAR BUBBLING IN THEIR THROAT, THE SWAKKA FLEE—



BEHIND THEM, THUN'DA LIFTS PHA FROM THE GOLDEN MANACLES...



HER EYES GRADUALLY CLEARING AS THE DRUG WEARS OFF, WANDA IS LEAD FROM THE OLD RUINS...



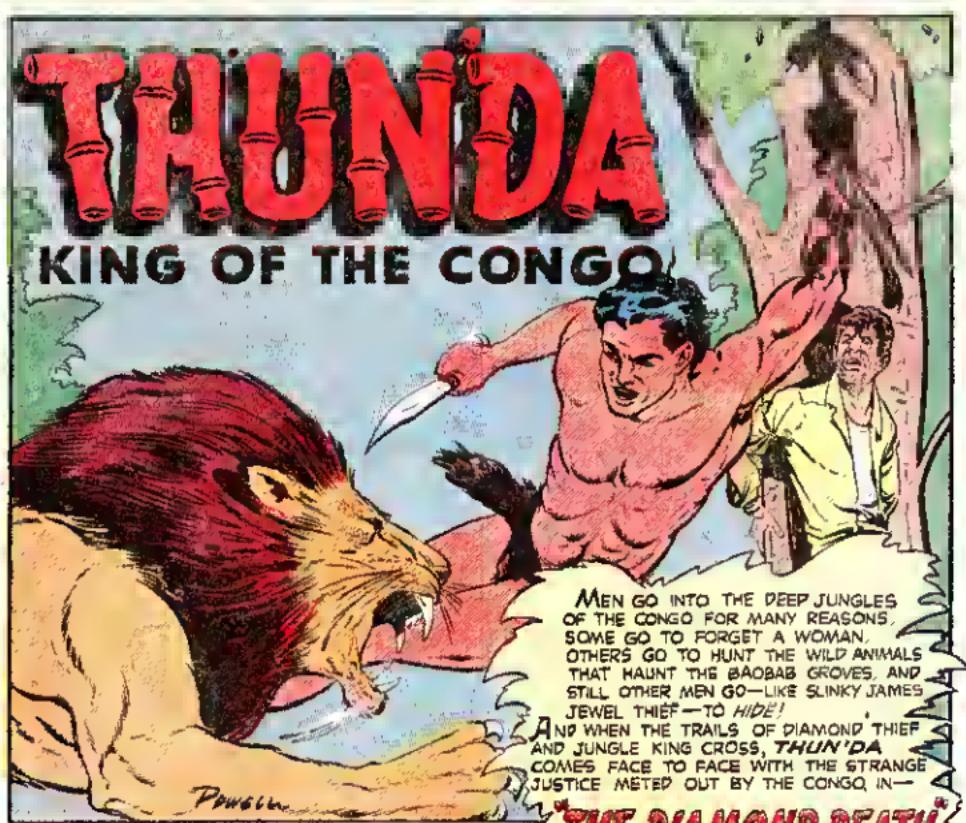
AND WITH SABRE SHOWING THE WAY THUN'DA TAKES UP THE LONG TREK SOUTH TOWARD CAPE TOWN...



THE END

THUN'DA

KING OF THE CONGO



MEN GO INTO THE DEEP JUNGLES OF THE CONGO FOR MANY REASONS. SOME GO TO FORGET A WOMAN. OTHERS GO TO HUNT THE WILD ANIMALS THAT HAUNT THE BAOBAB GROVES. AND STILL OTHER MEN GO—LIKE SLINKY JAMES JEWEL THIEF—to hide!

AND WHEN THE TRAILS OF DIAMOND THIEF AND JUNGLE KING CROSS, THUN'DA COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE STRANGE JUSTICE METED OUT BY THE CONGO, IN—

THE DIAMOND DEATH

THE DIAMOND MINE RULERS OF SOUTH AFRICA ERECT MANY BARRIERS TO PREVENT ANY THEFT OF THE GLITTERING WHITE JEWELS THEY DIG UP FROM THE SOFT BLUE CLAY. BUT A CLEVER MAN CAN DETECT THOSE BARRIERS...

SLIPPED THROUGH THEIR ELECTRIC FENCES... THEIR BARBED WIRES...! NOW I GOT A CLEAR STRETCH AHEAD OF ME... TO THE CONGO...!

DIAMONDBEES
KEEP OUT
UNARMED ROADS
UNARMED ROADS
7:50 P.M.—20-N
3-12-5



DAY BY DAY, ON FOOT, SLINKY JAMES—with a fortune in brilliant diamonds hidden on his person—MOVES NORTHWARD...

I EVEN ELUDED THE POLICE DOGS THE MINES TURN LOOSE TO CATCH THIEVES! NOTHING CAN STOP ME, NOW NOTHING...



HE COMES AT LAST TO THE GREAT GREEN STRETCH OF JUNGLE— FILLED WITH TWISTED LIANAS, BRIGHTLY PLUMAGED BIRDS AND CHATTERING MONKEYS, THE ROARING LIONS AND THE STATELY GIRAFFES...



THIS IS NO HOME FOR A MAN WHO HAS KNOWN THE SOFTNESS OF A BED, THE TASTE OF CHEF-PREPARED FOOD! IT IS FRIGHTENING...FEARFUL...

THAT DEER—it might have been *me*—if it wasn't for sheer luck!



GOT TO...KEEP GOING! DAREN'T STOP...OR I MIGHT MAKE A MEAL FOR A PANTHER, OR ANOTHER LEOPARD...



HIS MEALS ARE FRIGHTENED GOBBLINGS...



NO SOONER DOES ONE TERROR FADE INTO HIS MEMORY THAN A NEW ONE RISES TO TAKE ITS PLACE...

A MILLION DOLLARS—IN DIAMONDS—HIDDEN ON ME—and I'M GOING TO DIE! EATEN!...BY A MANGY LION...!



AND THEN A SCREAM MORE TERRIBLE THAN ANY Slinky James has yet heard rings in his ears! BEFORE HIS BULGING EYES A GREAT WHITE GIANT DROPS FROM THE TREETOPS!



WITH AN EARTH-SHAKING ROAR, THE GREAT JUNGLE BEAST TRIES FRANTICALLY TO DISLODGE THE MIGHTY GIANT CLINGING TO ITS BACK...



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE LONG STEEL KNIFE DRINKS DEEP OF THE LION'S BLOOD...



THE MAN IS GONE! FEAR MUST HAVE BEEN CHEWING AT HIS INSIDES AS THE HYENA AND THE JACKAL FEED!



DEEPER INTO THE CONGO JUNGLE STAGGERS THE TERROR-RIDDEN DIAMOND THIEF...



THE LION WILL KILL THAT FOOL! GOT TO GET FAR AWAY... SO HE WON'T COME AFTER ME...

SOME DAYS LATER, AS THUNDA HUNTS THE CONGO TRAILS WITH HIS GREAT SABRETOOTH TIGER...

FEW CAN KILL THE RHINOCEROUS, RA'AKA DIN, WITH A SPEAR!



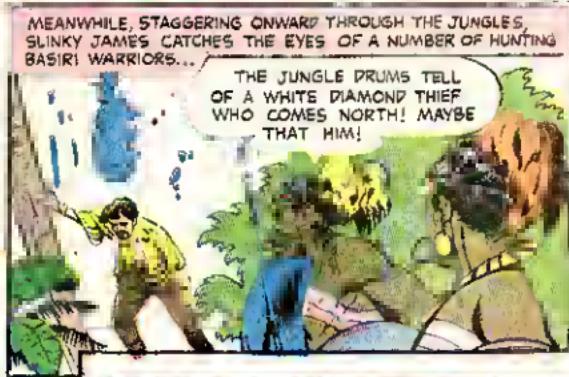
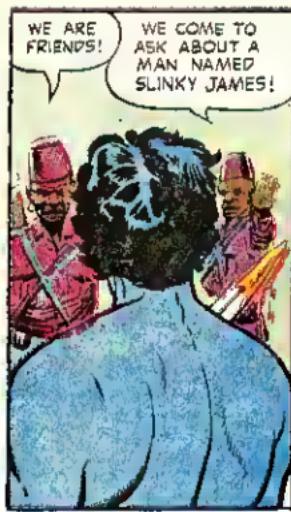
HE IS DYING! ASIDE, SABRE!



FROM THE RIM OF THE GRASSY PLAIN, HARD EYES WATCH THE JUNGLE KING...

I'D NEVER BELIEVE IT IF WE HADN'T SEEN IT!







YOU BREAK THE JUNGLE LAW! NOW YOU SHALL BE PUNISHED!

YI!!!

NO BASIRI MAY SET FOOT IN THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE!



HIS SPEARS WHISTLE IN THEIR FLIGHT, AND WHEN THEY CURVE DOWNWARD, BASIRI WARRIOR'S PROB IN THEIR TRACKS.

CARRY THE WORDS OF THUN'DA BACK WITH YOU! TELL THE TRIBES TO STAY OUT OF THUN'DA'S JUNGLES!

IN TATTERED, BLOODY RAGS, SLINKY JAMES CRAWLS UNSEEN UNDER A NEARBY BUSH, AND THEN FLEES ALONG A WELL-MARKED GAME TRAIL...

THEY'RE TOO BUSY FIGHTING THAT WHITE GIANT TO SEE ME! I CAN GET AWAY... GO ON!



BUT NOW THE TERRORS OF THE JUNGLE CLOSE IN AROUND THE RACING THIEF—FOR THE SMELL OF BLOOD GOES OUT ACROSS THE TREETOPS LIKE A CLARION CALL!

WATER UP AHEAD! I CAN SEE IT FROM HERE. THOSE CATS WON'T FOLLOW ME IN WATER...!



MEANWHILE, FOLLOWING THE PLAINLY MARKED TRAIL—

HE DRIPS BLOOD WITH
EVERY STEP! HE IS NOT
FAR AHEAD!



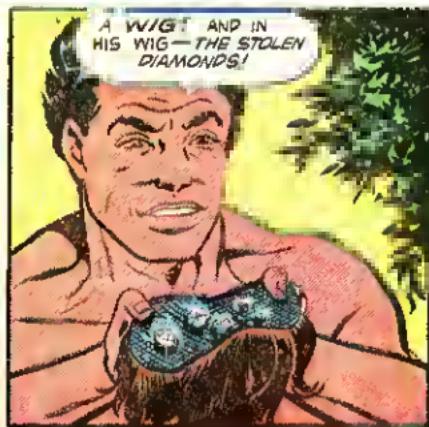
I'VE FOUND HIM! BUT
WHY DOES HE LIE SO
LIFELESS? SO STILL?



HE IS—DEAD! HIS WOUNDS WERE
DEEPER THAN HE THOUGHT! AND PERHAPS
THE FEAR THAT ATE AT HIM—CAUSED
HIS HEART TO WEAKEN SUDDENLY!...
HAI? HIS HAIR COMES OFF!



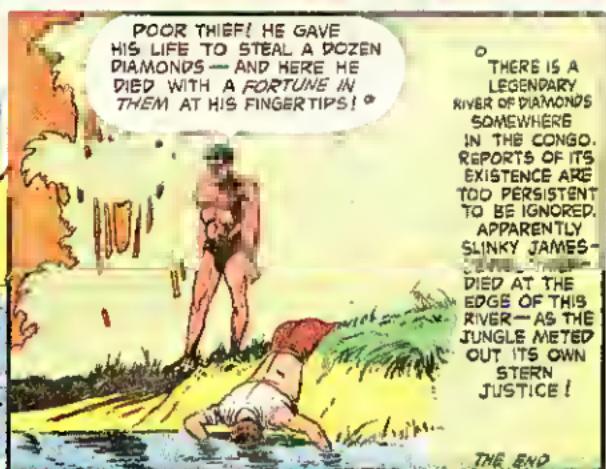
A WIG! AND IN
HIS WIG—THE STOLEN
DIAMONDS!



HIS FISTS ARE FILLED
WITH BRIGHT PEBBLES—
NO! NOT PEBBLES—BUT
—DIAMONDS! THE FLOOR
OF THE RIVER—COVERED
WITH THEM!



POOR THIEF! HE GAVE
HIS LIFE TO STEAL A DOZEN
DIAMONDS—AND HERE HE
DIED WITH A FORTUNE IN
THEM AT HIS FINGERTIPS!

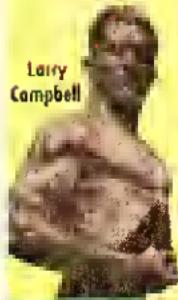


THERE IS A
LEGENDARY
RIVER OF DIAMONDS
SOMEWHERE
IN THE CONGO.
REPORTS OF ITS
EXISTENCE ARE
TOO PERSISTENT
TO BE IGNORED.
APPARENTLY
SLINKY JAMES—

DIED AT THE
EDGES OF THIS
RIVER—AS THE
JUNGLE METED
OUT ITS OWN
STERN
JUSTICE!

THE END

Which of these 2 one time **WEAKLINGS** paid only a few cents to become an



Larry
Campbell

Rex
Ferris

All-Around HE-MAN at Home!

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as "Elton" did!



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FAST — it won't cost you a cent!

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HOW YOU CAN BE A WINNER AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH PROGRESSIVE POWER



“WHAM! —
SWALLOP THIS
GULLY WONT
PICK YOU
AGAIN!”



“JOE SWALLOPED ANOTHER
HOMIE! HE'S
SURE TO BE
CAPTAIN NOW!”



“DO YOUR NEW WORKOUT
AND APPEARANCE
SHURE DO A GOOD
JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR
NEW LOOK!”

PROVE IT TO
YOURSELF IN
ONE NIGHT

SEND ONLY 10¢ FOR
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I'll send you in 1
complete volume
“How To Become A
Muscular He-Man.”
Try it tonite night.
If you don't like it
then return it with
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BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...

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of Jowett's new
booklet — “HE-COOL-IT’S
ON COST! So Get My 5
Quid It \$5.00. Mail It
Gallons Contest. All In 1
great sample volume for only
10¢. Copy & Picture Start
you on the road to your
success by following Jowett's
simple, easy method of
muscle building.



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these timoro soothie
now at off price!

packed volume for only 10¢. If you're not delighted with
my muscle-building guide — if you don't instantly FEEL results
within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be
promptly refunded!

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Famous Strong Men!

The amazing book, “Heroes of Steel, Musters of Iron,” has
gained thousands of working girls to muscular power. Filled with
photos of muscular men of might and muscle who are twice as
mighty as you are. Read the thrilling testimony of
Jowett in strength that inspired us to write the following:
“If I show you the best way to mighty
and muscle, send me full gift boat with
PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.”

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George J. Jowett

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pion of Champions” in the world.
We have let every nation champion
in the world to weight
titles. Champion! It is re-
quired to have the strongest
arms in the world. Four
times winner of the world's
most difficult of contests about
the most difficult world



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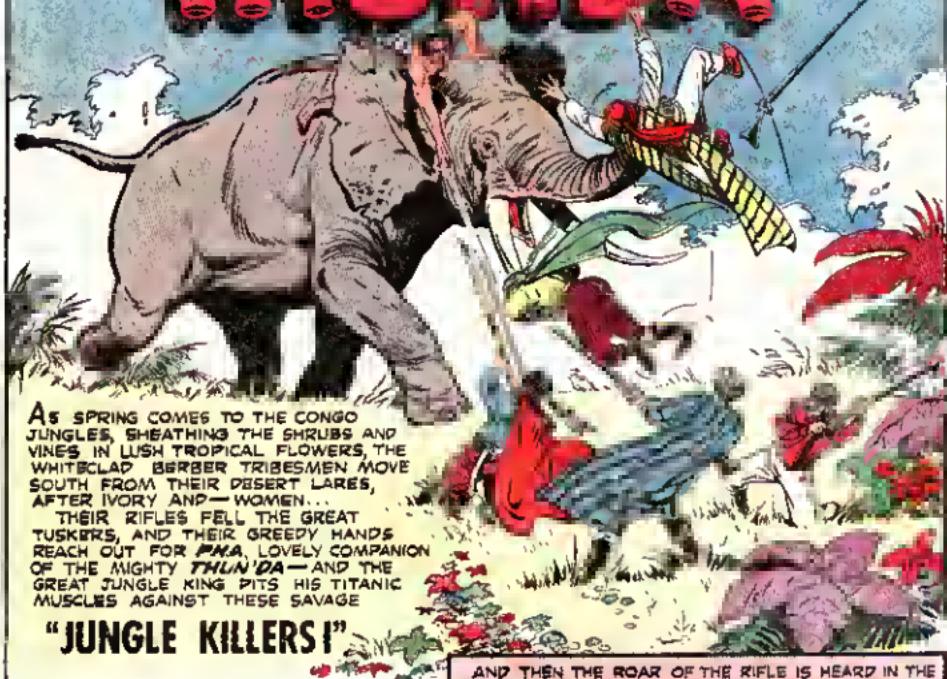
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Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, Muscle
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THUNDA

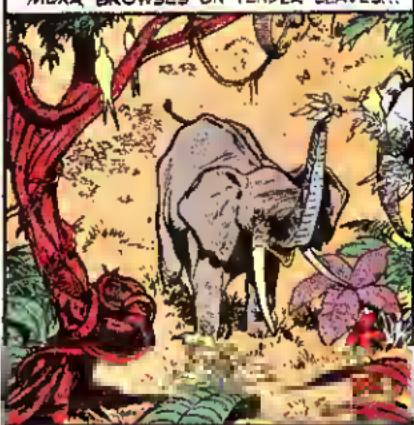


AS SPRING COMES TO THE CONGO JUNGLES, SHEATHING THE SHRUBS AND VINES IN LUSH TROPICAL FLOWERS, THE WHITECLAD BERBER TRIBESMEN MOVE SOUTH FROM THEIR DESERT LAKES, AFTER IVORY AND—WOMEN...

THEIR RIFLES FELL THE GREAT TUSKERS, AND THEIR GREEDY HANDS REACH OUT FOR PMA, LOVELY COMPANION OF THE MIGHTY THUNDA—AND THE GREAT JUNGLE KING PITTS HIS TITANIC MUSCLES AGAINST THESE SAVAGE

"JUNGLE KILLERS!"

SPRING IS A PEACEFUL TIME IN THE JUNGLE. HERE THE HUGE ELEPHANT, MUKA, BROWSES ON TENDER LEAVES...

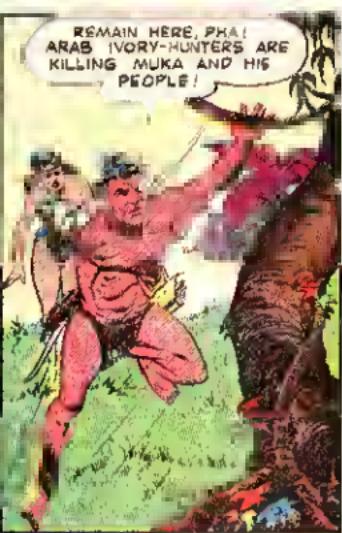


AND THEN THE ROAR OF THE RIFLE IS HEARD IN THE LAND, AND THE TUSKER BESIDE MUKA COLLAPSES...



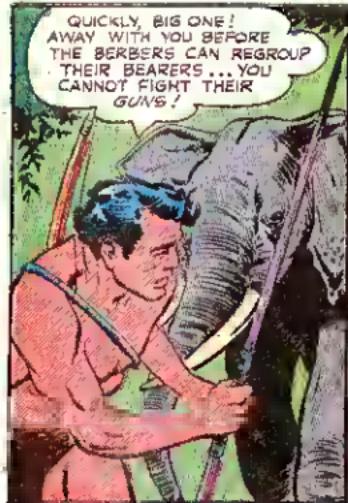


THE EXPERIENCED BERBER IVORY-HUNTERS KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A BULL ELEPHANT, EVEN SUCH A HUGE MONSTER AS MUKA!



MOMENTS LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE, THUND'A DROPS LIKE A FALLING STONE—





AS DAY SLIPS INTO NIGHT, AND AS NIGHT MERGES INTO DAY, THUNDA FOLLOWS A CONGO TRAIL...

PHA CAME THIS WAY! SHE MET THE IVORY HUNTERS—AND WAS DRAGGED OFF BY THEM!

HOURS LATER, THE GREAT JUNGLE LORD CATCHES UP WITH THE BERBER IVORY CARAVAN...

THE BERBERS MAY HAVE GUNS! ALONE—I CAN DO LITTLE AGAINST THEM! BUT PERHAPS... THERE IS A WAY...

LATER—A GRASS ROPE SILENTLY DROPS FROM THE JUMBLE OF TREES AND VINES—

FARTHER ALONG THE TRAIL—AN ARROW SLIPS THROUGH A BUSH, AND SINKS INTO A STRAGGLER'S BACK...

AS THE CARAVAN MOVES FORWARD, ACROSS THE TRAIL, THEY FIND MANY GRISLY WARNINGS...

BEWARE!
GO AWAY!
LEAVE THE WOMAN AND THE IVORY!

SOON ONLY FISTS AND CLUBS KEEP THE NATIVE BEARERS AT THEIR TASKS...

PICK UP THE IVORY! CARRY IT!

PICK IT UP!

SO FAR, I HAVE FOUGHT ONLY THE BERBERS! PERHAPS—if I CAN FRIGHTEN THEIR BEARERS—I MAY PANIC ALL THE OTHERS...



HAI! WE SHALL MAKE
THE WOMAN WATCH WHILE
THE BEARERS SLASH THE
JUNGLE KING TO RIBBONS!

DRIVEN BY FISTS AND WHIPS, THE BEARERS LIFT
THEIR SPEARS! IN FEAR THEY DANCE AROUND THE
MIGHTY THUN'DA.—

THESE THONGS ARE
TOO TIGHT! I CAN NEVER
FREE MYSELF!



AND THEN THE MIGHTY JUNGLE
KING LIFTS HIS HEAD! TO HIS
KEEN EARS THERE COMES A
SOUND, FAINTLY CARRIED ON
THE WIND...AND HE CRIES OUT...



IN A NEARBY JUNGLE CLEAR-
ING, MUKA MUNCHES ON
TENDER BANANAS...BUT AT
THAT CALL, HIS GREAT EARS
FLAP, AND HIS TRUNK CURLS...



INTO THE
CLEARING
THEY BURST
WITH MAD
SQUEALS OF FURY!
BEARERS
AND THEIR
BERBER
MASTERS
GO DOWN
UNDER
TRAMPING
FEET AND
SLASHING
CLAWS...

KILL, MUKA!
KILL, SABRE!

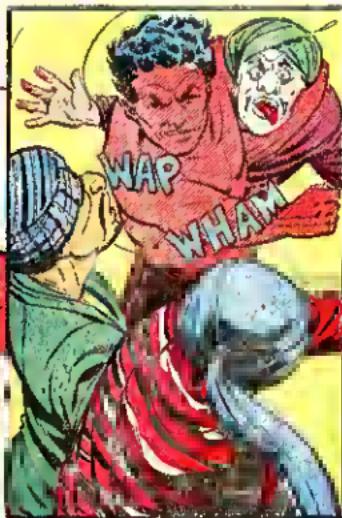


AS THE BERBER WHO HOLDS HER LEAPS TO SNATCH UP HIS RIFLE, PHA GRASPS A FALLEN SPEAR...

I AM COMING, MUKA! I JOIN YOU IN YOUR FIGHT, SABRE!

MOVING LIKE A MADDENED PANTHER, THE CONGO KING HURLS HIMSELF ON THE BERBER IVORY-HUNTERS!

NOW IT IS THUN'DA'S TURN!



NOW TURN, MUKA! FLEE! RUN INTO THE JUNGLE!

THEY SHOOT HIM, THUN'DA! THEIR BULLETS GO PEPP GO PEPP INTO HIS BODY!

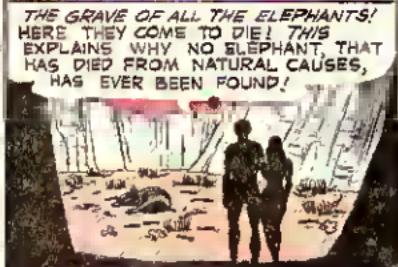


BADLY WOUNDED, MUKA RACES INTO THE DENSE JUNGLE! HE RUNS SWIFTLY FOR DEATH IS GETTING INSIDE HIM, AND THERE IS SOMETHING HE MUST DO BEFORE HIS LIMBS STIFFEN FOREVER...



AND SO MUKA COMES AT LAST TO THAT FABLED PLACE THAT HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE—THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVE-YARD! HERE HE KNEELS AND ROLLS OVER, TO ADD HIS BONES TO THE MILLIONS THAT COVER THE FLOOR OF THE HIDDEN AMPITHEATRE...

THE GRAVE OF ALL THE ELEPHANTS! HERE THEY COME TO DIE! THIS EXPLAINS WHY NO ELEPHANT THAT HAS DIED FROM NATURAL CAUSES, HAS EVER BEEN FOUND!



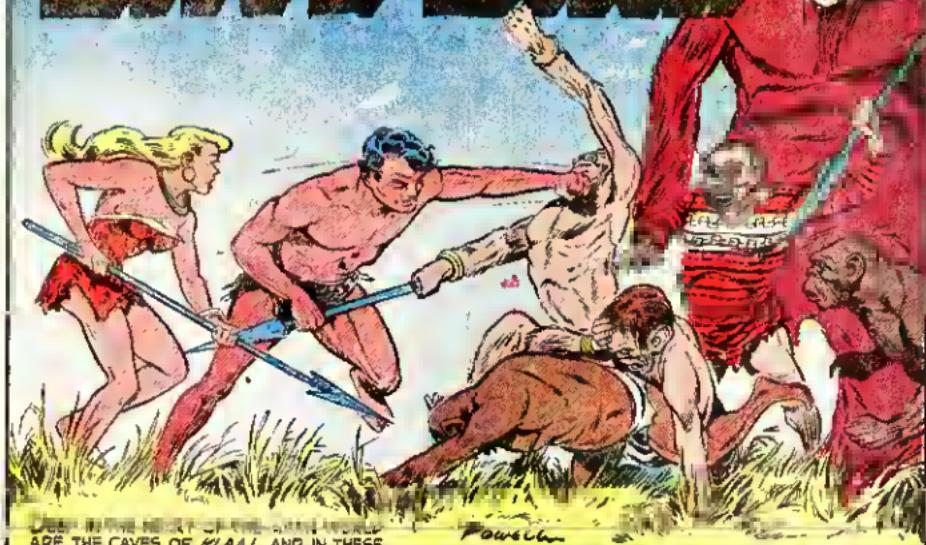
A LITTLE WAY BEYOND THE GRAVEYARD, THERE IS A MOUNTAIN PASS. CURIOUS, THUN'DA SEEKS IT, AND BEFORE HIS EYES—

SEE, PHA—THE DAWN LANDS! LOOK! WE HAVE FOUND ANOTHER PATHWAY TO OUR HOME, AND THE CITY OF SHAREEN...



THE END

CAVE GIRL



Powell

Deep in the heart of the jungle are the caves of Klaa! And in these caves lives the CAVE GIRL — LOVELY, STRONG, BARBARIC IN HER SAVAGERY! AND WITH THUN'DA, KING OF THE CONGO, SHE FIGHTS TOOTH AND NAIL AGAINST THE BESTIAL PRIESTS AND SOLDIERS OF THE MIGHTY ANIMAL THAT IS — THE APE GOD OF KOR*



A FEATHERED HORDE—DOVES, HAWKS, FALCONS, OSPREYS, KINGFISHERS, BLUEBIRDS—BATTER THE JUNGLE LORD WITH THEIR WINGS, WHILE THEIR CLAWS RAKE HIS FLESH...

IT IS LIKE FIGHTING A CLOUD! ONE PART GOES AWAY WHILE ANOTHER PART ARRIVES TO TAKE ITS PLACE...



HIS GREAT FISTS BATTERING A PATHWAY, THE JUNGLE LORD STRIDES FORWARD—

THERE IS SOMEONE AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, PHA! SOMEONE—CRAWLING AWAY...



HE MUST NOT KILL ME! I WILL NOT LET HIM! THE BIRDS MUST SAVE ME FROM HIM AS THEY SAVED ME FROM BOORG...



COME THEN! I WILL DIE FIGHTING YOU...

I DO NOT SEEK TO HARM YOU, ONLY TO HELP!



WITH A SIDewise FLASH OF HIS MIGHTY HAND, THE CONGO KING SENDS CAVE GIRL'S HUNTING KNIFE FLYING. AS SHE FEELS IT LEAVE HER FINGERS, HER SENSES REEL, HER KNEES TURN TO WATER...

PHA—QUICKLY! SHE FAINTS!

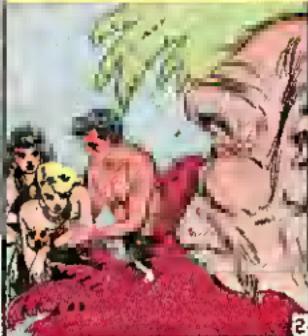


THE BIRDS SWOOP DOWN, SHRIIL SCREAMS STRETCHING THEIR HARD BEAKS. THE CAVE GIRL OPENS HER EYES, HER LIPS TRILL SOFTLY...

TWIIIRLL... TWEEE... HE MEANS NO HARM, BROTHERS OF THE AIR... TWIIIRLL... TWEEE...



FROM THE VINE-INFESTED JUNGLE, HARD LITTLE EYES WATCH CRUELLY, FOR THIS IS BOORG, HIGH PRIEST OF KOR—SMALL, POWERFUL—CRUEL AS A HUNTING LION!



HOWLING AND SCREAMING, BOORG LEADS HIS HAIRY FOLLOWERS TOWARD THUN'DA—

THE APEMEN OF KOR!

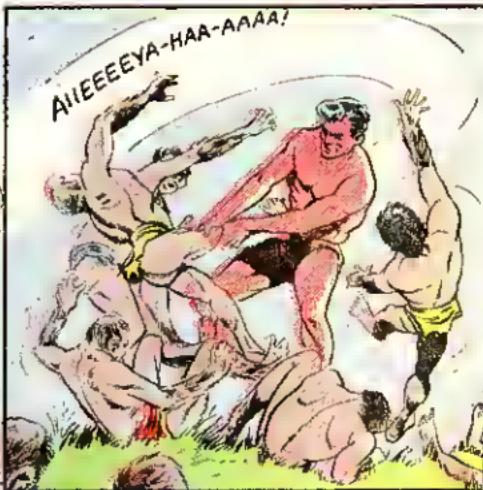
I WANT THEM—
ALIVE! THE GIROS WILL NOT STOP
US THIS TIME, AS THEY DID WHEN
WE TRIED TO CAPTURE CAVE GIRL!



FOUL BEASTS! ONE MAN OF SHAREEN IS WORTH A DOZEN OF YOU!



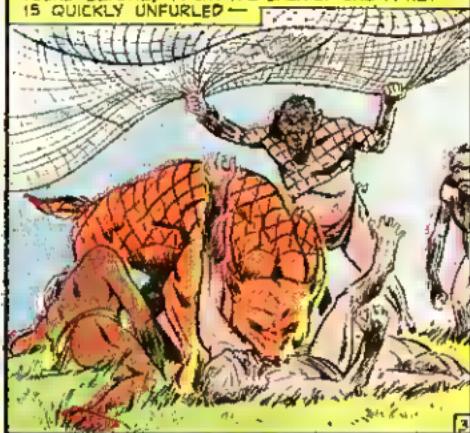
AIEEEYA-HAA-AAA!



FROM THE HUNTING TRAILS OF THE DAWN WORLD,
ALONG WHICH HE HAS SLIPPED, COMES THE
GIANT SABRE—



BUT THE APEMEN OF KOR HAVE FOUGHT THE LONG
TUSKS BEFORE! FROM THE BACK OF ONE A NET
IS QUICKLY UNFURLED—



A THROWN CLUB REBOUNDS OFF THUNDA'S HEAD —



FOR LONG MOMENTS, DAZED BY THE IMPACT, THE GREAT JUNGLE LORD STRUGGLES MADLY! BUT TWENTY MEN AGAINST ONE—EVEN THE KING OF THE CONGO HIMSELF, ARE TOO MANY...



TRUSSSED UP THUN'DA AND SABRE ARE CARTED ACROSS THE WAVING GRASSLANDS OF THE DAWN WORLD, WHILE PHA AND THE SLAVE GIRL STAGGER ON BESIDE THEM...



IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE MEMORY OF MAN, ANCIENT KOR WAS A THRIVING CITY. HERE CAME THE FIGHTING MEN OF ATLANTIS AND MUSUMER AND OPHIR—NATIONS SO OLD THEY ARE ONLY LEGENDS IN THE WORLD TODAY. YET KOR STILL LIVES, A PILE OF CRUMBLING MASONRY, INHABITED ONLY BY THE APEMEN WHO DWELL IN ITS HALLS AND CORRIDORS...



BEATEN AND BATTERED, THUNDA IS HURLED INTO A DUNGEON...



THE MINUTES SLIDE INTO HOURS. THE MIGHTY JUNGLE KING WAKENS SUDDENLY. IN A MOMENT HE IS ON HIS FEET—HURLING HIMSELF AT THE BARS OF HIS CELL...



HIS CRY OF FURY IS ECHOED BY A SAVAGE SCREAM FROM A NEARBY RACK—



SLOWLY THE DAYS PASS. ON THE MORNING OF HIS FIFTH DAY IN THE CELL, THUN'DA IS LED FORTH INTO THE GREAT ARENA—

SO IT IS
HERE I AM
TO DIE!



WATCHING HIM WITH HARD, CRUEL EYES IS BOORG—AND BEHIND BOORG—TOWERING ABOVE HIM—AP'AAN, THE APE GOD OF KOR!

HE IS A GREAT FIGHTER, AP'AAN!
WATCH!



FROM A GRILLE DOOR A MIGHTY SABRETOOTH IS RELEASED—

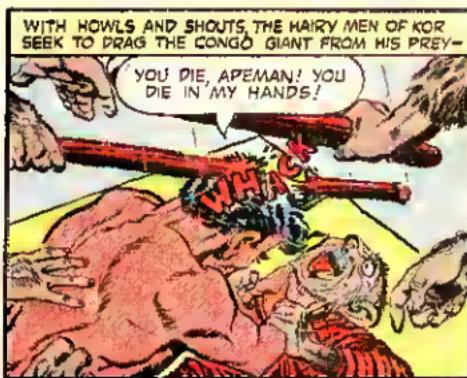


FROM WRESTLING WITH SABRE SO OFTEN, I KNOW THIS CHOKE-HOLD AS I KNOW MY HAND!

FOR AN INSTANT THE WILD THOUGHT OF ESCAPE COMES TO THUN'DA—

I COULD CLEAR THAT WALL WITH A LEAP—BUT PHA AND THE CAVE GIRL ARE STILL HERE! I CANNOT LEAVE THEM!





FOAMING AT THE MOUTH IN A MAD FRENZY, BOORG HURLS HIS THREATS AT THE RAGING JUNGLE KING!

TOMORROW...YOU PAY FOR TOUCHING BOORG...BY FACING THREE SABRETOOTH TIGERS...IN THE ARENA. NO MAN CAN DO THAT — AND LIVE!



THAT NIGHT, PHA WHISPERS THE DREAD NEWS TO THE CAVE GIRL. MOMENTS AFTER, CAVE GIRL SENDS A SHRIIL WHISTLE OUTWARD INTO THE NIGHT —

MY FEATHERED BROTHER BRINGS ME THE DAGGER FROM THE FLOOR OF MY CAVE HOME... WITH IT WE SHALL PICK OUR LOCK!



ALL SLEEP IN THESE HOURS OF THE EARLY MORNING. NONE SHALL SEE US AS WE FLEE!



NEXT MORNING—



WITH ABRUPT SUDDENNESS, A LOW SCREAM RISES IN THE AIR. IN MIDLEAP, THE HUGE TIGERS DROP TO THE GROUND.

STAAA-YAAA!

BROTHERS OF THE LONG TUSKS!
IT IS CAVE GIRL! YOU KNOW ME! HARM NOT THIS MAN!

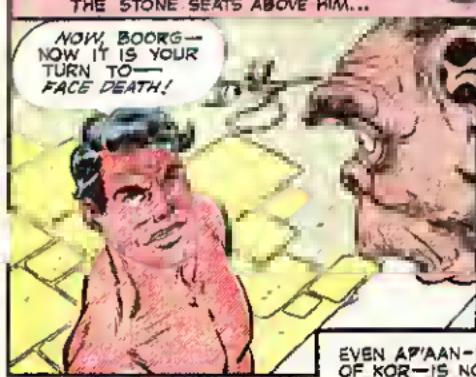
YOU DID NOT ESCAPE WHILE YOU HAD THE CHANCE?

AND LEAVE YOU TO DIE? SINCE ALL ANIMALS KNOW AND LOVE ME—SINCE I SPEAK WITH THEM AND KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE—I KNEW I COULD SAVE YOU FROM BOORG'S FURY!



WITH A HARD GRIN, THUN'DA TURNS TOWARD THE STONE SEATS ABOVE HIM...

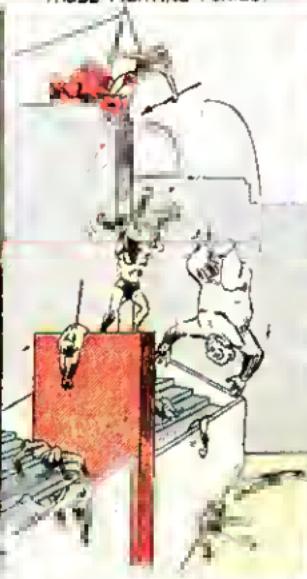
NOW, BOORG—
NOW IT IS YOUR TURN TO—
FACE DEATH!



THUN'DA AND CAVE GIRL—with the SABRE-TOOTHS FOLLOWING—LEAP UPWARD—



EVEN APA'AN-WHITE APE-GOD OF KOR—is NO MATCH FOR THESE FIGHTING FURIES!



THE APE-MEN BREAK AND FLEE AS THEIR APE GOD DIES! THE PATH TO FREEDOM, AND THE LOVELY MEADOWLANDS OF THE DAWN WORLD LIE OPEN...



THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

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AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

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PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

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What length's the wire in the loop? Answer: and my best friends at the pet shop told me the new "magical" fish-food sold under their brand's name will eat a wire twice the length of the loop. Still it will, I guarantee it, gobble up ten times its weight in fish food in less than three hours if you put goldfish in it. You'll want them to eat better, so buy them fish sticks and brittle through the loop, the perfect combination for any home, dormitory and tables, breakfast, etc. Meets all wonderful needs! (END NO. MCNICHY, C.O.D. your pet pestilential friend will not eat, we are not pestilential.)



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